

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

Vol. II.—No. 7.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER, 1875.

No. 19.

A COSTLY CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY MAIGE CARROL.

[We find the following suggestive story in one of our exchanges without crediting the publication in which it first appeared. This should not so be.]

We were a dull little group, yet if I mistake not, work progressed more encouragingly. Fingers flew in place of tongues. We were all deep in the mystery of Christmas presents that somebody at home was not to see, and end in being surprised over.

"Suppose we each tell what was the most expensive Christmas present we ever received," was a proposition eagerly seized upon and at once assented to by all present except Miss Zell, a maiden lady, and a seamstress. She alone was silent; she was fashioning some every day garment, and looking paler than usual; indeed, she was almost as pale as the white muslin she held, yet a faint smile crossed her lips as at length she said, with an effort, "If not too late—Aye."

"Ayes have it," said Hilda Etheridge, our doctor's daughter, who had acted as spokeswoman, and put the question. "Proceed," was now her order.

We well knew what was her most costly gift—the diamond, that for nearly a twelvemonth had sparkled upon her finger. Her betrothed, Clement Moir, was as good as he was rich. Not a girl of us but wished that Heaven had made her such a man, yet Hilda played "fast and loose" with him in a spirit of vanity and recklessness before which our humbler, softer natures stood appalled.

In her giddy way, Bessie Waltham proposed that the oldest should speak first. As we looked from mother to Miss Zell, there arose a murmur of disapproval. The latter checked this by saying, even more gently than usual: "It is my privilege, but please allow me to be last."

This was consented to, and Mrs. Rubb, my mother, was asked to be kind enough to begin.

"Well," said she, "my father gave me this house on a Christmas morning."

"So far, so good," said Hilda. "Now, Ada, you've the advantage of me by some thirty days, I think."

"My most expensive present," said Ada, "was a watch and chain."

"And mine—" Hilda had but to raise her hand.

"Now, Miss Ruby Rubb."

Mine was a silk dress. Gertie's a pearl set, and Bess a piano. It then came to Miss Zell. Laying aside her sewing, she went to her room, and returned with a small glass case that held simply a collar and pin—a lady's collar, narrow, yellow, with a spare, little, embroidered vine; an oval pin, jet, set in a brassy looking rim; the crimson of the velvet on which they rested was pale with age, and somewhat moth-eaten.

"I know what you are thinking," said Miss Zell, answering our interchange of glances. "You can form a very fair estimate of the value of this gift, even taking into consideration the passage of time since its purchase. Some among you recollect having given me far handsomer articles, yet this,"—Miss Zell's face was white and still, but we thought the tiny case would drop from her trembling hold—"is the costliest Christmas gift I ever received."

"I think I see a story somewhere," cried one of the girls, as she crowded in to sit at the feet of the heroine of the hour.

Hilda, with her torturing diamond and her tortured lover, gave way to plain Miss Zell, so old, so cold, and quiet, we had never expected to extract any interest from her beyond the finishing of a garment. She measured and pinned "the long white seam," preparatory to beginning her story.

"Girls, I was once eighteen, and had a lover," she said, and stopped, not being able to control herself.

"I'm eighteen and never had one," put in Bess, whom nothing could entirely subdue.

"Bess, hush! Miss Zell's not pausing for a reply," answered another, somewhat vexed.

"His father was my father's nearest neighbor," con-

tinued Miss Zell, without noticing the interruption. "Their farms adjoined, and so little heed was taken of boundaries, that father used to say he never was quite certain whether he was harvesting his own grain or Nimrod's. If any question arose, the one would say to the other, 'Never mind, we'll make it all right when Rodger marries Maria.' We came to look upon ourselves as belonging to the other, or, rather, I looked on him as mine exclusively—my own personal property—to be taken or left, just as it pleased me. I suppose I must have been pretty; everybody told me I was, and I had a bright, merry exacting way that was law at home or abroad. There had been other children in both families, but only Rodger and I as far back as we could remember. We were brother and sister long before we could understand a dearer tie.

"How well I remember that time. I am living in it yet. My real folks are back in those years. All that has come afterward has been dim, cold and shadowy. Life—keen, blood-warmed, zestful life—stopped in that winter of my eighteenth year."

Miss Zell's work was on the floor, her hands clasped across where it had lain, her eyes gazing outward on visions we were not to behold. How unlike herself she talked. Plain, practical, word-sparing Maria Zell.

"Before that year the seasons linked one in the other, a flowery, unbroken chain, each bringing its full measure of joy, and I accepting as thanklessly as if joy were the common lot. My poor Rodger knew no such shadowless bliss. I gave him little peace or rest with my varying moods and tempers. Often feigning anger merely for the purpose of tormenting him. A handsome, high-spirited, merry boy, yet he came and went at my bidding as meek as a lamb; blest if he might in any way minister to my comfort; wretched if he failed, or seemed to fail; for often when I was proudest of him and loved him best, I treated him worst, at the promptings of the veriest selfishness that ever ruled human breast. Yes, the seasons came and went, until my eighteenth birthday looked me in the face.

"It was the 24th of December; my birthday awaited me the 28th. There had been little snow previously; but early that morning the dull, gray light revealed a downfall. Rodger rode over before dinner, declaring laughingly that if he was to be buried alive he wanted to be with me. He promised me a fairy palace when it was over; and the time ran along in trifling chat—I being in my best mood—until about two o'clock in the afternoon.

"Mother and I had been in the town the day before, and, after visiting the store where we traded our farm produce for such articles as we needed in the family, took a ride in the main street. We wanted to see the latest wonder of the place—an establishment where nothing but dry goods were sold. We saw it, and I saw this collar. Nothing so beautiful had ever before found its way to our little country village, and I was wild to possess it. There were others in the window, with the small pins; but this was the neatest and sweetest. Mother had nothing either to give or offer in trade, and I was wretched beyond description, until she suggested my telling Rodger about it, and making him understand I would like to have it for Christmas. He always gave me something; this year I might as well do my own choosing. So, when all of a sudden he asked, calling me by my pet name, 'Miri, what do you want for Christmas?' I instantly mentioned this collar, knowing that the pin would not come amiss. I should have them both, he said.

"To wear to-morrow?" I asked.

"Yes. I'll go over the first thing."

"And he gone half the day—and your father and mother to be here to dinner," I poutingly answered.

"Well, then, you shall have it for your birthday. I have something for Christmas."

"No. I didn't want it for my birthday. If I could not have it to wear at dinner next day, I declared he need not get it all."

"Surely, I didn't want him to go over that night,"

he said, in pained surprise. "It would take about four hours generally; but it would take twice that time in such a storm as this."

"Two o'clock in the afternoon was not night, nor anywhere near it," I answered; and twitted him with being afraid of snow. Girls, I got my way; it little matters how, after all these years.

"He went to the barn, took his Romeo from the stall and started. He was strangely pale and grave; never came in to say good-bye, and scarcely smiled as he passed the window where I sat. Still, I knew he was not angry at me. O girls, from that day to this the Eve of Christmas never comes without my seeing Rodger ride past my window as he rode that day—the snow weaving a scarf for his broad shoulders, and whitening his brown hair."

Miss Zell paused, entirely overcome by the emotion she had so striven against.

Involuntarily my gaze sought Hilda. She was white as death, and clutched the hand that had the ring as though she never meant to let go. I saw then, for the first time, that this was a lesson, a warning, if she but took it to heart.

"I watched him out of sight," resumed Miss Zell, steadying lip and voice as best she could. "He was soon hidden by the falling snow; then I sat down to my sewing, while outside the wind wailed, and the white flakes swirled into the dints made by Romeo's feet. Mother came in from the kitchen, asking what took Rodger away so early. When I told her, she rebuked me sharply; said neither man nor beast ought to brave such a storm, and set a candle in the window when the weird white darkness came. I was not in the least concerned. Rodger was young, strong, and knew the road. There would be no anxiety about him at home, as he left there with the intention of remaining at our house all night; so I resolved to be quite at ease, and make it all up to him on his return. Between eight and nine that night I played the merriest game of Old Maid I ever participated in. Beside myself, there was father, mother, our help, and two cousins, Marmaduke and his sister. Singularly enough, the old maid card almost invariably staid in my hand. Finally I threw her into the fire, and the game ended. At ten we had lights in every window. At eleven, father and Marmaduke shovelled their way to the barn, got the horses and undertook a search. At twelve they returned, almost perished, not having been able to make headway against the storm.

"Mother entreated me to go to bed, saying, in all probability Rodger was safe in town, and would be over as early as possible in the morning. Even while she talked she seemed listening intently for any new sound outside. I noticed, too, that she set a fresh candle in the window in place of the one that had burned out.

"I laid my head on the pillow; but how could I sleep with Rodger out in the storm, and the deepening snow winding, winding, in fatal folds, about him?"

"Morning came at last. A red sun rising on a white, wonderfully beautiful world; but I had neither eyes nor heart for its beauty. For me it was only a mocking, brazen glare. A party of neighbors dug to town, but did not find him. He had been there the day before, made his purchase, and started for home. Others joined who knew and were fond of him, and all day the search was continued. At last, just as the cold, gray darkness fell, they brought to me all that was left of my true love, my Rodger! Horse and rider had perished together.

"I never wore the collar. A poor, cheap-looking thing, compared with your elegant laces, girls; yet 'tis the costliest Christmas gift I ever received. A brave young life was laid down for it!"

"I wouldn't ask you, Miss Zell, only Clement is so good. I hope the baby will be like him; may I name him Rodger?"

This story was a year and a month old when Hilda asked this question. All of Miss Zell's real folks are not in those backward years. I am quite certain little Rodger Moir is a reality.

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

Haddonfield, December 15, 1875.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of New Jersey at its next session for a supplement to the charter of the Borough of Haddonfield, empowering the commission to pave the streets, side-walks, and for other purposes.

We find the above notice in the West Jersey Press, of Camden—by whose authority, or whence it emanated, we are not able to say; but if the object is to give the commissioners power to compel the paving of the streets and walks, as the wording would seem to intimate, it would be a great hardship for some property-holders in the town.

Ever since we have lived in the town, now nearly eleven years, we have advocated good side-walks and street-lights, but whether the walks be made of boards, brick, stone, or other material, that might be left to each individual, who is the best judge as to the means he or she possesses to spend in this way, only let it be seen to that the walk is a good one, of the proper width and with smooth and even connections. We think a good board walk as suitable as any other—indeed preferable in wet and winter weather.

Our street lights are a great convenience and highly appreciated, but from some cause we don't always have the benefit of them. A new moon gives but a feeble light, and not to be depended upon, especially when thick clouds obscure its rays, as was the case last Saturday and Sunday evenings a week, and the traveller was left to wrestle with the darkness.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of New Jersey, at its next session, for an amendment, modification, or repeal of the act giving the inhabitants of the township of Haddon the right to determine by ballot the question of license or no license, within the limits of said township.

Let the temperance people make a note of this, and if they wish it defeated, bestir themselves. Our town has been very quiet, and well-behaved, since this law has been in force.

The Sunday School of Grace Episcopal Church, of this place, will have its Christmas Festival on Wednesday evening, the 29th, at which there will singing, an address, distribution of books, &c.

A "Package Party" is announced to take place at the Presbyterian Church this (Wednesday) evening. We suppose this is similar to the "Pound Sociable."

Geo. W. GARRISON, president of the Salem Banking Co., was found dead in his room on Saturday morning, Nov. 27, at the Nelson House, Salem. Failing to appear at the bank as was his habit at his usual time, his room was visited, where his body was found, but the spirit had departed. He had been connected with the bank many years as Director and President, was well-known as a business man, and 71 years of age. He was very genial in his manners, and had a pleasant habit of calling many of his more intimate acquaintances "brother," when he met them.

His only daughter is the wife of our fellow-townsmen, Capt. Wm. Shinn. The loss of her father so unexpectedly and suddenly, must be a very sad event to her, calling for the kindness and sympathy of all her friends and acquaintances.

A Singing Society, under the leadership of Mr. Pomerene, has been inaugurated in the village. We have not had the pleasure of being present, but we understand there is considerable ability in the Society, and a capability of producing some good music. At present, the Society meets "around" at different houses.

The Ladies of the Baptist Church had a Fair and Tea Party in the basement of the church, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons and evenings of last week. Many of the ladies appeared in costume, and it was altogether a pleasant, and, as we understand, a successful and profitable affair.

The Concert at the Presbyterian Church on the 18th ult. was well attended and well spoken of.

We see it stated that application will be made to the next Legislature of this State for a new charter for the city of Gloucester, Camden county, N. J.

The Thanksgiving Sermon was preached, according to announcement, by Rev. Mr. Newberry, of the Presbyterian denomination, in the Baptist Church, to a fair audience, but not such a one as might have been expected, as it was made up of a union of the different denominations of the place, except the Episcopalians, who had services of their own, and the Friends, who don't observe the day as a festival.

In addition to the speaker, the services were participated in by Rev. Messrs. Young, of the Baptist Church, and Stokes and Crate, of the Methodist denomination, and Mr. Wilkinson.

The text selected as the foundation of the sermon, was from Isaiah ix, 3: "Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not [or it, instead of not, as some interpret the Hebrew word.] increased the joy: they joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil?"

We have room only to say of the sermon that it was highly interesting and instructive, and listened to very attentively. At its close, a collection was taken up in aid of the Children's Home, in Camden—amounting to the sum of \$19.32.

There was what is called a "Pound Sociable," at the house of "brother Paul," a few evenings ago. The "way it is done," as we understand it, is for each visitor to take a pound of something to the house, and the articles are then put up at auction—the money realized going to some benevolent object.

ACCIDENT.—As Mr. J. White, of this town, was about crossing the track of the Camden and Amboy rail road, on the evening of the 25th ult., the 6 o'clock train came along and passed. Mr. W. then thinking the way clear, passed on, but another train coming along not far behind the first one, was just in time to catch the hind wheel of the wagon, and dragged it a considerable distance. The wagon was pretty well wrecked, but providentially, neither himself or horse were injured; but it was a narrow escape.

Wm. Shuff, a carpenter, at work at one of the new houses on Chestnut street one day last month fell from a second story window and broke both his wrists.

We hear a rumor of somebody making free with a pair of gloves, for which he forgot or failed to pay, and got himself in trouble. We give no names, but let him take warning. "Honesty is the best policy."

See advertisement of Poultry Exhibition, at Town Hall, on next Saturday.

Samuel Jones, living at Jesse Anderson's, near Ellensburg, met with a serious accident a few days ago in consequence of his mules running away in Camden. His skull was cracked, and he received other injuries of so serious a character as may prove fatal.

A large yield.—We learn that 600 bushels of ruta bagas were raised the past season on one acre of ground by a farmer in this neighborhood. Time of planting, 5th of July, in rows four feet apart.

We hear of some pretty large-sized beets raised in our town—weighing from 9 to 10 lbs.

Robbed.—Chas. Vennel, a young man in the employ of Hiram Smith, in passing out of Camden, on Saturday morning at 1 o'clock, when near the deep cut on the C. and Atl. R.R., on his way to Rowandtown, was knocked down and robbed of clothing, watch, pocket-book, money, &c., by two colored men. Bad place, that Camden.

MOODY AND SANKEY.—The success of these men in drawing crowds is wonderful, and no doubt much good will result from their labors. Multitudes of people will have their minds awakened to religious subjects who have never before given them much thought.

We heard Mr. Moody remark on one occasion that he looked upon this world as going to wreck, as it was increasing in wickedness—not but that there was a vast amount of good, and an immense number of excellent pious people—yet the world is growing more wicked, else why has the Lord said he would destroy it? It was their business, therefore, to save as many from the wreck as possible before it went to pieces.

In connection with this movement, Mr. Wanamaker, who has charge of the Young Men's meetings, stated that the success of these meetings had been unprecedented, the church having been crowded every evening.

Mr. Sankey's singing is simply enchanting to those who can appreciate plain simple melody.

"SUMMER BY THE SEA"—We have received a nicely got-up pamphlet with the above title, being the Annual Report of Rev. E. H. Stokes, president of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association. It gives a general summary of the affairs of the Association, with fine engravings of several neat and tasty cottages, sea and lake view, and represents the grounds as being in a fine and prosperous state, but needing some changes and improvements promotive of its sanitary condition. The *Ocean Grove Record*, in noticing this pamphlet, says:

"To this very comprehensive and complete summary, there is an Appendix, embracing the historical address delivered at the sixth anniversary, July 31, 1875, by the President, with other interesting memoranda.

"The Executive Committee, at a late session, ordered copies of the above to be mailed to every cottage and lot owner free. All who desire this useful compendium of work and worship during 1875, can be supplied by calling at the office of the *Record*, No. 14 North Seventh street, Philadelphia.

The *Ocean Grove Record*, published by our irrepressible friend and brother, Rev. A. Wallace, late editor and publisher of the Methodist Home Journal, is a very neatly printed paper—sprightly, sparkling, and just such a sheet as only can be given by a man who loves his work, as Mr. W. does. Although bearing the above title, it is not confined to matters relating to the Grove, but gives local and general items relating to the religious and other movements of the day, together with a well chosen supply of profitable miscellaneous reading. Published weekly at \$1.50 per annum, No. 14 North Seventh street, Philadelphia.

"He Leadeth me," is the title of the engraving that the publishers of the "Christian Advocate," of New York, propose to give to each subscriber of that paper for 1876, as a premium. It is described as "beautiful," "elegant fine engraving," and a "fine specimen of artistic skill," "poetical treatment of a beautiful subject," &c. Subscription price of the paper \$2.70 per annum, including postage.

We have received a copy of "Centennial Historical Calendar," for 1876, published by Thos. W. Price & Co. It is very nicely printed, and the space usually allotted to saints' days, is occupied by notices of events in the history of the country, with other useful information, engravings of public buildings, &c.

"Arthur's Illustrated Home Magazine" for Dec., is well filled, as usual, with choice articles. It is always received in the family joyfully. [See advertisement.]

"The Illustrated Household Magazine," for Dec., is at hand, with 44 pages good reading, engravings, etc., well printed, on good paper, all for one dollar a year. It is a marvel to us how it can be done at such a price. Household Publishing Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y.

The "New Age," (Old Fellow, &c.,) and the "Alaska Herald," both from San Francisco, Cal., are among our choicest exchanges, and always welcome.

We are in receipt of one youth's eight page paper that devotes about 10½ columns, or 3½ pages, to advertising and pulling itself!

"Boss" Tweed, the great New York "appropriator," has escaped from prison, with the connivance, probably, if not the assistance of his keepers. It is asserted that he was taken out a number of times in a carriage, for which privilege he paid his jailors \$25 a day; and when the proper arrangements were all made, under pretence of seeing his wife, he was allowed to escape. \$10,000 reward have been offered for him, but he is probably on his way to a foreign shore.

A COAL OIL Lamp, standing on the mantle in the residence of Mrs. Charlotte S. Chew, Camden, N. J., exploded on Thursday morning, 25th ult., at about one o'clock, by which she and her daughter, aged about 18, lost their lives, and a younger son was badly burned in endeavoring to save his mother.

The wife and daughter of Fredk Koffman, a saloon keeper at Newark, N. J., were so badly burned, by the breaking of a gasoline lamp on Saturday night, Dec. 4, that they both died the next day.

A number of similar accidents have recently occurred, in different places, and mostly from 'non-explosive' oils.

The Centennial Fund has reached the large sum of \$7,000,000, and Congress has been asked for \$1,500,000, in order to get ready for the opening on the 1st of May.

COLD.—The 30th day of November and 1st of December were very cold days for the season, the thermometer getting down in our town as low as 12 degrees above zero. The upper Delaware river was frozen over, and the thermometer stood in different parts of the North and West from 2 to 22° below zero.

At the signal station at Mount Washington, on the 29th ult., the wind went rushing by at the rate of 156 miles per hour, causing some fears that the buildings, although chained to the rock, might be blown away, and the thermometer 24° below zero! Phew! What a good place to send some of our anxious-for-war men that trouble the country.

Three men, who were working in the Main Exhibition building, on the Centennial grounds, on the 8th inst., were killed by the giving away of a scaffold, 70 feet from the floor. They were terribly crushed.

Mr. D. D. Middleton has some famous ears of corn at his place; also, a potato weighing one and a quarter pounds.

Mr. M. also has a stone axe, weighing five pounds, dug up at Mr. Braddock's cranberry bog, four feet under the sand. How and when did it get there? It is a very hard stone, with a smooth or polished edge.

Mr. F. C. Lippincott had his carriage demolished a few days ago, while standing in front of Squire F. Clement's office, by being run into by a two mule team heavy wagon, belonging to Levi Kimble.

The report of the Agricultural Bureau for Nov. and Dec. says that the corn crop is one of the largest ever grown in this country, and that the potato crop is extraordinary, being one-fourth larger than last year. The tobacco crop is also largely in excess of last year.

The President's Message seems to give pretty general satisfaction. He favors the education of all children in the rudimentary branches, and is against the division of the school funds in favor of any sect or party—favors taxing church property—non-intervention with Cuba at present—recommends an appropriation to the Centennial fund—is strongly in favor of specie payments, even sooner than the time fixed upon—speaks of the scandalous affairs in Utah, and says polygamy should be banished from the land, &c.

Near the close, he says: "As this will be the last annual message which I shall have the honor of transmitting to Congress, before my successor is chosen," &c. Some editors think they see in these words a decided extinguisher to the third term. We can see nothing of the kind. He can be his own successor.

[COMMUNICATION.]

BERLIN, Nov. 21, 1875.—Early this morning, a number of our citizens might be seen on their way to Clementon Mill Pond, distant about three miles from this place, and about seven miles from Haddonfield. The occasion was the baptism of two men. The rain, which had been descending quite freely all the morning, had nearly ceased when the people arrived on the bank. The ordinance was administered by Rev. T. W. Wilkinson; after which the whole party went to their church at Berlin, where the two candidates were received into the fellowship of the church, and the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered. The church seems to be in a very good condition.

WATSON.

The annual meeting of the Camden County Teachers' Institute was held at Berlin on the 18th ult., at which the exercises consisted of Lectures, Addresses, Recitations, Music, &c. Among those taking part, we see the name of one of our Haddonfield teachers, Miss Tillie Bareford.

George W. Patterson, ex-member of Assembly, and ex-collector of Monmouth county, N. J., has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of \$1,000, for embezzeling the sum of \$13,000. After he was in prison, a friend sent a telegraph asking if he could do anything for him. George immediately wrote beneath the dispatch, "There is little use of attending a funeral after it is over."

A text for ladies when they go to church: "Forgo—ting those things which are behind."

"Ef county fairs is goin' to do agricultur' any good," says a Long Island Farmer, "keep out the whinnin'. Them air pull-backs gits a man's eyes so sot that he can't see nothin' else."

MARRIED.

On the 18th ult., at the Parsonage of the M. E. Church in Haddonfield, by Rev. J. G. Crate, Dr. Francis M. Tilton to Miss Maggie G. Tompkins, all of Haddonfield.

On the 2nd inst., at Trinity M. E. Chapel, Merchantville, N. J., by Rev. W. C. Cattell, Wm. G. Barrett, of Manchester, Eng., to Maggie H., daughter of E. G. Cattell, Esq.

On the 27th of June last, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. J. G. Crate, Byron Ellsworth, of Aico, to Mary Wmocker, of Jackson.

On the 30th June, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. J. G. Crate, Wilber T. Carson, of Philadelphia, to Lizzie L. Redman, of Haddonfield.

On the 8th July, at the M. E. Parsonage, by same, Walter French to Rosa Albertson, both of Rowandtown.

On 31st July, at same place, by same, Thomas Hoffman to Eva Scott.

DIED.

On the 8th inst., near Haddonfield, Mr. Thomas Ellis, Sr. He had been a member and deacon of the Baptist Church in Haddonfield for many years.

On the 10th inst., Lizzie, daughter of Matthias K. Sutherland, of Haddonfield, aged 5 years.

Poultry Exhibition.

The ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the "Farmers Mutual Benefit Association," for the display and exchange of Poultry, will be held in the

TOWN HALL, HADDONFIELD,

On Saturday, December 18, 1875.

Admission 10 cents. For further information address

J. STOKES COLES,
G. D. STUART,
SAMUEL WOOD,
Committee.

LOCAL NOTICE.

North Second Street, from Fairmount Ave., (formerly Coates Street,) is attractive for its large and varied Trade,

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Flour and Feed Stores,
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Eating Saloons,
Stove, Heater and Range Establishments,
Watch and Jewelry Stores,
Wholesale and Retail Tobacconists,
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FOR THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.

1876.

Arthur's Illustrated Home Magazine not only ranks with the leading and most influential periodicals of the day, but claims to be, in its peculiar characteristics and varied departments, more thoroughly identified with the American People in their Home and Social Life than any other magazine published.

For the great Centennial Year the publishers offer the following rich programme, as a part of what will appear in its pages.

"Eaglescliffe," by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, a new serial, will be commenced in the January number.

"Miriam, and the Life she Laid Down," by T. S. Arthur, a new serial beginning with the January No.

"The Store-Teller," containing a large number of fine stories from the pens of some of our best writers.

"Pottsville Papers," by Pipsissaway Potts.

"Old Hearth-Stones," by Rosella Rice.

"Woman's Work in the World," by Mrs. E. B. Duffley.

"The Girls at Millwood," by Chatty Brooks.

History, Biography, The Home Circle, The Mother's Department, Boys' and Girls' Treasury. Evenings with the Poets, Housekeepers' Department, Illustrations of Natural History, Centennial Notes, &c. &c.

TERMS IN ADVANCE—POSTAGE FREE.

\$2.50 a year is the price of "ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE." In clubs: 3 copies for \$6.50; 6 and one to getter up of club, \$13; 10 and one extra, \$21.50. Specimen numbers 15 cents, in currency or postage stamps. Premiums allowed Club Getters.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, Philadelphia.

Temperance Dining Rooms,

R. W. CLARK, 54 North 6th st.

THIS WILL NOTIFY THE PUBLIC

That we have put NEW and LOWER PRICES on much of our Stock.

THE YEAR'S CLOSING OUT SALE WILL

CONTINUE UNTIL OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK IS SOLD.

THE MAIN FACT IS:

We have made up TOO MANY OVERCOATS and SUITS for this year, and to transfer our Stock into Cash needed for preparation for 1876, we will make *certain sacrifices* which will be apparent on and after WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER FIRST, when we shall have gone through our Salesrooms and cut off Profits, and even a part of the cost, from many of our present prices.

To be very exact in stating this matter, as we do not intend that any advertisement or custom of our house shall mislead the Public in the least particular, we think it proper to say, that this Mark Down, whilst it applies to

A THOUSAND AND MORE OVERCOATS,
A THOUSAND AND MORE BUSINESS COATS,
HUNDREDS OF DRESS COATS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND VESTS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND PAIRS OF PANTS,

and extends throughout our house, yet there are some lots in which (as they have already been marked at close prices.) we shall make no change.

WE DESIRE TO ANNOUNCE THAT THIS IS

**OUR FINAL and ONLY MARK DOWN THIS SEASON,
SO THAT NONE NEED WAIT FOR LOWER PRICES.**

The step we take will wonderfully aid those who feel like Economizing.

THE TERMS OF THE SALE ARE THE USUAL TERMS OF OUR HOUSE:

- 1.—No Second or Altered Price—ONE FIXED PRICE.
- 2.—Cash from All, to warrant Low Prices.
- 3.—The Contract on our part, to *return money*, is a part of the bargain in each case (provided the goods are returned unworn.)
- 4.—A *Pull Guarantee* given for each garment.

The Stock we offer is all NEW, and is not "BOUGHT" or "WHOLESALE" Stock, but our own

CAREFULLY MADE CLOTHING.

It will be remembered that our Stock always embraces the CHOICEST STYLES of SUBSTANTIAL GOODS, and that EVERY SIZE and SHAPE is provided for both MEN and BOYS. It will also be borne in mind that there is but ONE OAK HALL, and THAT IS AT THE CORNER OF

SIXTH—SIXTH—SIXTH—SIXTH—SIXTH—SIXTH

And MARKET Streets.

Hoping for a visit from each reader, and that our friends will pass this announcement to all their friends in the country,

We are Very Truly,

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

PHILADELPHIA.